

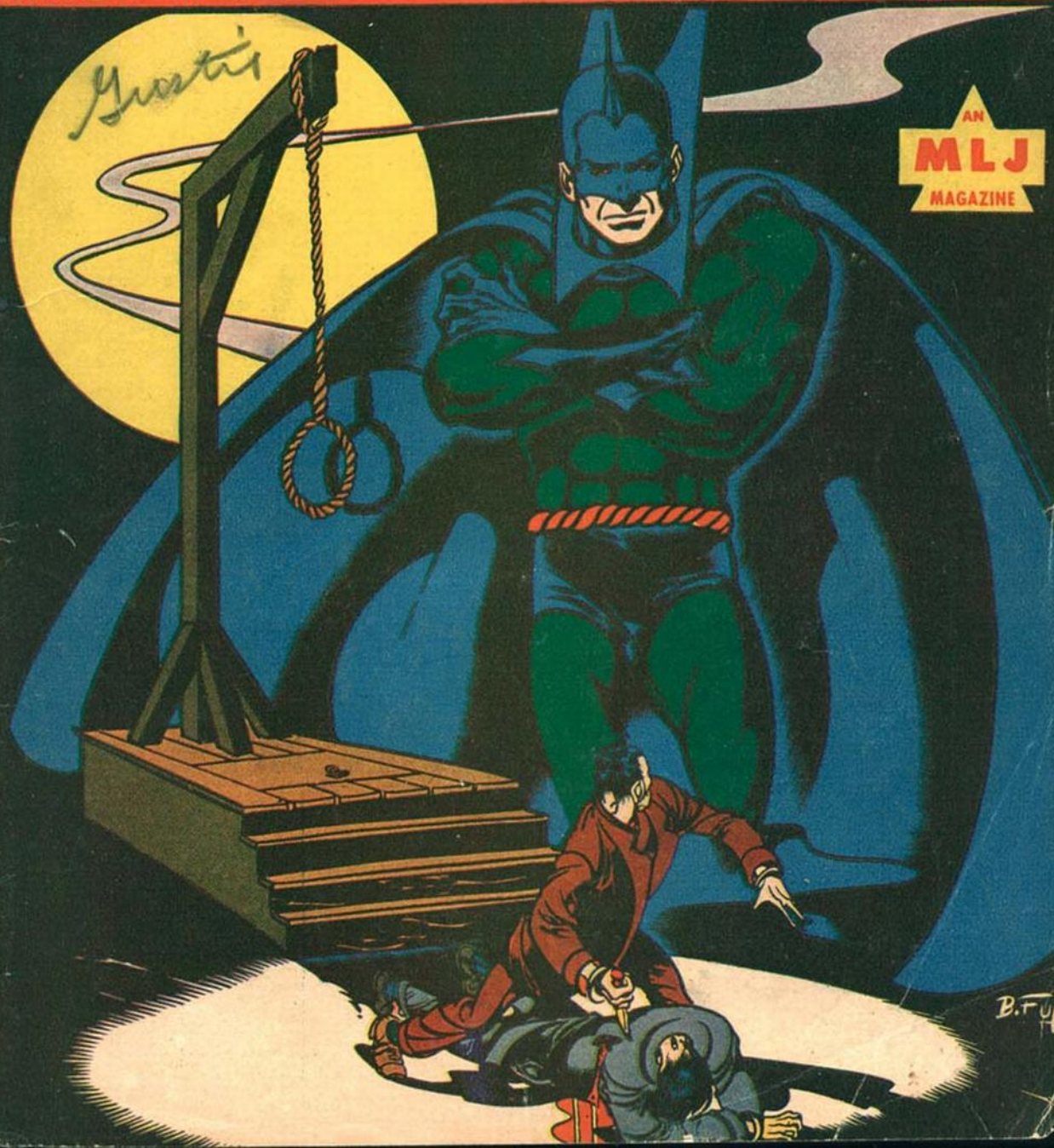
NAZIS, AND JAPS, YOU RATS! BEWARE! THE HANGMAN IS EVERYWHERE!

HANGMAN

NO. 8 FALL

10¢

comics



AN
MLJ
MAGAZINE



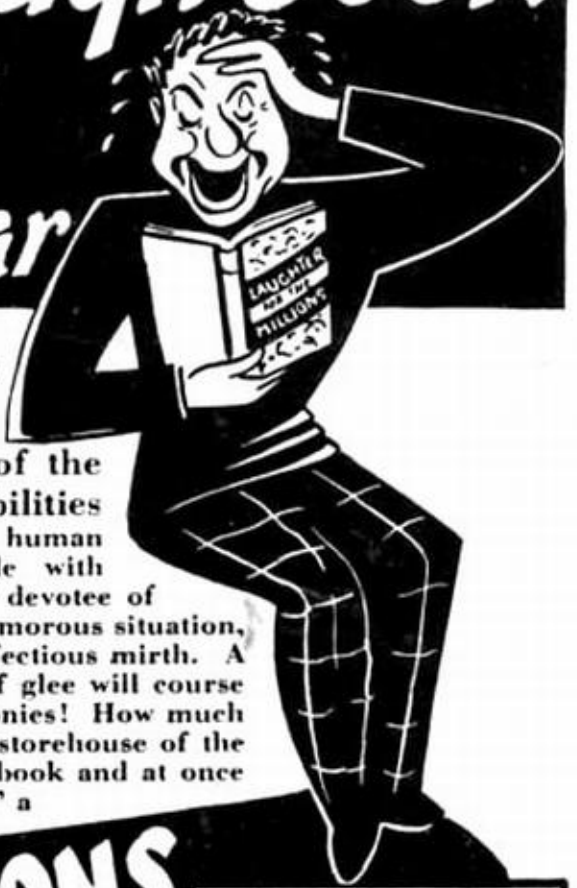
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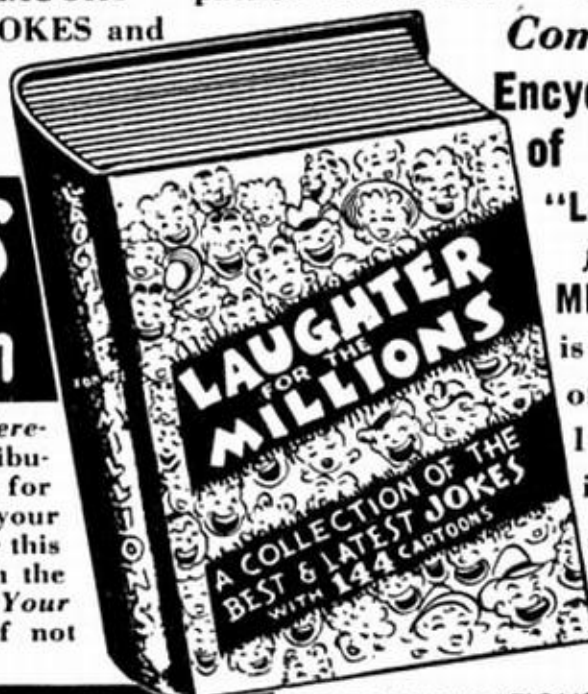


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The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
No. 25

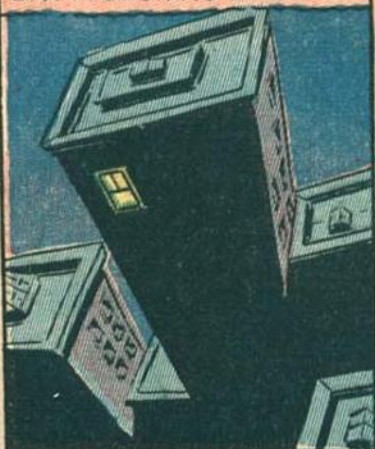
in the
GALLOWES
and the
GHOUL



AS OUR STORY OPENS, BOB DICKERING, REALLY THE HANGMAN, MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE GLOOM... AND HIS FACE QUICKENS!



AS HE APPROACHES A TOWERING AND GLOOMY APARTMENT HOUSE IN WHICH A SINGLE WINDOW GLEAMS LIKE A GLOWING EYE!



INSIDE THE LIGHTED APARTMENT A WOMAN NERVOUSLY, DISTRAUGHTLY, BRUSHES HER HAIR; HER FRAME TENSED AS THOUGH IN FRIGHTENED EXPECTANCY!



HOW I WISH THE HANGMAN WOULD GET HERE--WH... WHA...?



JED...NO! NO!... PLEASE JED!



I'VE LONG WANTED TO DO THIS, MARY! KILL YOU...KILL YOU!



FOOTSTEPS!



JIMMY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AT THIS HOUR?



I...I HEARD NOISES, UNCLE JED!



MOMMY, WHAT'S HAPPENED TO MOMMY? WHY IS SHE LYING ON THE FLOOR SO QUIET?



IT... IT'S NOTHING JIMMY, YOUR MOTHER JUST FAINTED, THAT'S ALL! DON'T COME NEAR HER!



YOU GET HER A GLASS OF WATER, AND SHE'LL BE ALL RIGHT!



YES UNCLE JED

HE SAW ME! HE'LL TELL I DID IT! I MUSTN'T LET HIM DO THAT!



THERE'S ONLY ONE THING FOR ME TO DO!



...KILL HIM TOO!



UMPH!

I CAN BREAK HIS THIN NECK SO EASILY---WAIT---THE WINDOW! THAT'S A MUCH BETTER WAY!



I'VE DONE IT! KILLED THEM BOTH! OH, MY HEAD, IT THROBS SO!



**BUT TWO FORCES
OPERATE TO SAVE
JIMMY FROM
SEEMINGLY CERTAIN
DOOM! FATE AND
THE HANGMAN!**



**ULP!
HE
CAUGHT
JIMMY!!**



**HERE! TAKE THIS
LAD TO THE POLICE
STATION!**



**...AND I'M GOING
UPSTAIRS AND
CATCH THAT
WOULD-BE
KILLER!**



**WHAT IN---GONE! AND
HE SEEMS TO HAVE
CLAIMED AT LEAST
ONE VICTIM!**



**HIS ONLY
MEANS OF
ESCAPE IS
THE ROOF!**



**I WAS RIGHT!...
THERE HE GOES!**



**AND HERE
I COME!!**





I'LL TELL YOU THE WHOLE STORY, AS SHE TOLD IT TO ME!



SHE BEGAN IT IN THE MATERNITY WARD! JED'S SISTER WAS ABOUT TO HAVE A CHILD!



JED WAS PACING THE FLOOR NERVOUSLY! AS THOUGH HE WERE HER HUSBAND - INSTEAD OF HER HALF BROTHER!



BUT JED KNEW HIS WIDOWED **HALF SISTER** DEPENDED ON HIM FOR SUPPORT, AND WHEN THE DOCTOR EMERGED



THE BABY, DOCTOR, IT'S DEAD ISN'T IT, AS YOU THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE? FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TELL ME IT'S DEAD!



WHAT KIND OF A MAN ARE YOU TO WISH YOUR SISTER'S BABY DEAD? NO, THE BABY IS VERY MUCH ALIVE!



JED'S STRANGE HOPE WAS BORN OF FEAR--FOR JED WAS AN ABJECT POVERTY STRICKEN FAILURE! AND THE THOUGHT OF ANOTHER MOUTH TO FEED TERRIFIED HIM!



HIS SPIRIT WAS BROKEN, AND NIGHT AFTER NIGHT HE'D SIT AND BROOD. BROOD ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS OF OUR CLASS WHO HAD MADE SUCCESSES OF THEIR LIVES; AND IN HIS TORTURED THOUGHTS THEY ALL SEEMED TO MOCK AT HIM!



JED WENT FROM JOB TO JOB
..... BUT ALWAYS IT WAS THE
SAME STORY--HE COULDN'T
STICK!

SORRY, JENNINGS,
WE LIKE OUR EMPLOYEES
WITH A LITTLE SPIRIT!

THE WHOLE WORLD SEEMED
TO MOCK JED!

WHY DO I KEEP ON LIVING?
WHY DON'T I KILL MYSELF
BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE?

YOU SEE THELMA, ONLY ONE
OTHER PERSON IN THE WORLD
KNEW JED'S TERRIBLE
SECRET--HIS SISTER!AND
THAT SECRET IS...

DON'T STOP! GO ON AND
TELL HER HANGMAN---
HEE, HEE, HEE!

WHA...

HANGMAN! THAT
FACE! THAT HORRIBLE
FACE! WHO IS HE!

TELL HER WHO
I AM, HANGMAN!
HEE, HEE, GO ON
TELL HER!



NO, MY DEAR I WON'T **SHOOT** YOU!
THIS IS A MUCH NICER WAY OF
KILLING YOU— WITH MY BARE
HANDS! HEE, HEE, HEE!

HANGMAN! HELP!

SUDDENLY, THE WEIRD AND BLOOD-FREEZING
SYMBOL OF THE HANGMAN TRANSFIXES THE
MANIAC!

THE HANGMAN WON'T HELP
YOU, MY DEAR

HE WON'T EVEN
HELP HIMSELF! HEE
HEE, HEE!

JENNINGS, STAY
AWAY FROM ME!
I WARN YOU!

POOR
CREATURE!
WHAT A
TERRIBLE
WAY TO
DIE!

HE'S BETTER OFF
THELMA! BETTER
THAN THE LIVING
DEATH THAT
TORTURED
HIM FOR
SO MANY YEARS!



THE "PERFECT" CRIME

by Hawley Howard

THEY called him Fashion Plate. George Bryan didn't mind it. They were just ignorant village louts, loafers around the pool hall, stationery store and the little railroad station of Shady Valley; they thought, because Bryan took pride in being always carefully dressed, that he was something to jibe at. Beau Brummel. Young George Bryan secretly was pleased at being likened to the famous English dandy. Beau Brummel's name, also, had been George Bryan.

The thoughts were roaming in Bryan's mind tonight, as alone in his car he drove from New York City, out the main highway toward Shady Valley. His nickname of Fashion Plate—surely that would be an advantage this momentous night. Who would ever suspect the immaculate soft-spoken George Bryan of a deed of violence? He chuckled to himself. The villagers might think of him as a sissy, but never as a murderer. . . .

At the crossroads where the highway went on into the village, Bryan turned off onto the Lake Ontario side road. He watched his chance, so that no one saw him. The time was a quarter of ten—a hot July evening. Queer what a breathless night it was! He was conscious that his heart was pounding; his chest seemed to have a weight on it. Was he frightened, now that his chance had come? Nonsense! Just excited. Fate was with him. Every circumstance was just right. Peter Rawlings would be coming along this lonely road by the edge of the lake, in five or ten minutes now. The thing would be done, in a few minutes after that.

At a place where bushes clustered to shroud his car, Bryan turned off the road and hopped out. He was a young fellow, handsome, and as always, immaculately dressed. In the heat, he had taken off his hat and blue serge jacket and laid them on the car seat. His figure was a white blob of white shirt and carefully pressed white linen trousers, as he crouched in the bushes, waiting for Rawlings to come along. It surely wouldn't be long now. Rawlings was a methodical fellow, a creature of habit. You could always depend on him doing the same thing at the same time. He had married Bryan's younger sister, Grace about two years ago. He was rich, or at least comfortably well off—one of those fellows who watched every penny and wouldn't lend a cent to a relative without banker's security. He owned a small but prosperous department store in Thomasville, some twelve miles away. He closed it at nine-thirty; and every night like clockwork he drove home alone, leaving Thomasville at a quarter of ten and coming along this lonely little side road past Lake Ontario.

For another ten minutes Bryan silently crouched. He was tense, alert; his mind was clicking with details of just what he would do so that there would be no possibility of error. There would be no footprints here; no tracks which could be identified as the tread of his tires. The road was hard and dry; the ground all around here was rocky, right down to the rocky shore where the water lapped with a sullen murmur in the stillness.

And suddenly now, faintly in the distance he heard the

chug of Rawlings' old outmoded car. Right on schedule, Bryan's heart leaped, but he steadied himself. He stood in the shadow of a tree-trunk until he could see positively that it was Rawlings, and then he jumped forward. Rawlings, in white shirt and trousers, was a dim white blob behind the wheel. For just a second Bryan thought that there was someone in the back seat of the car behind him, but when he got closer he saw that no one else was there.

"Well, I say, that you, Peter?" he called.

Rawlings saw him and pulled up. "Hello, George," he said. He was never very cordial. "What are you doing out here?"

Bryan mastered his breathlessness. "Just coming back from New York. Wretchedly hot, isn't it? I thought I'd take a swim. Cool off." He gestured easily with a graceful hand. "My car's down the road a way—thought I'd take a ten-minute dip. Too bad you can't join me, old fellow—you've no idea how invigorating—"

Queer how difficult it was to keep his soft, suave voice normal! This damnable breathlessness! But Rawlings didn't notice. And it wasn't hard to persuade him.

"The human body really floats in water, you know," Bryan was presently saying. "It's lighter than water, when you immerse nearly all of it. But that's the trouble—the beginner wants to climb out of the water and that's what makes him sink."

Gruesome words. Somehow they made Bryan shudder inside. He had had no idea it would be so difficult to do this thing.

"Why not master your fear once and for all?" he added persuasively. "Once you do that, I can teach you to swim in two minutes."

Abruptly Rawlings set his jaw. "All right," he agreed. "I'll do it. I'll do it if it kills me. Damn it, I will."

Gruesome prophecy. . . . Why did he have to say that so much? As though something were making him say it so that Bryan would shudder, with a racing heart and excited, taut nerves to make him fumble this thing? But he wouldn't fumble it. . . . Get him to lie on his back now; and then shove him down, sit on him. . . . Hold him, just for a moment.

Bryan's chest seemed bursting with the excitement of it. But he kept his wits. Water a bit less than waist deep. That would be ideal.

"Now, relax," he heard himself saying softly. "You're tense as the devil, Peter. Don't be like that. I won't even let your face get wet. I promise. Come on now, lie back—stretch out. I'll put my hand under your neck. Can't you trust me, old fellow? Think how pleased Grace will be if she can go swimming with you next week."

So easy. A faint smile of triumph twitched at Bryan's lips as he stood beside the shivering, naked Rawlings and the

body of the older man ased backward with his feet coming up.

"Don't let my head go under, George!"

"No. Of course I won't."

Now, down with him! Bryan shoved suddenly. It was a chaos of horror to the panting Bryan. But he kept Rawlings' head under. . . . A minute. Two minutes. There were no air bubbles now. The air had all come out; water was going in.

And then even the twitching was stilled. The dead fingers clinging to Bryan's arms relaxed, slipped away. The legs floated up, weaving a little from the movement of the water, as though the ghastly limp white thing were still alive.

The wild panic swept Bryan as he stood shivering there in the dark; a panic of haste and terror. But he fought with it; conquered it. The thing was done, and triumph swept him. He dried himself carefully with the towel and dressed. His hair wasn't wet; that was lucky. It wasn't even mussed. There wasn't a mark on him from the struggle with the drowning Rawlings whose gripping hands had only clutched so futilely at his arms.

With the panic still on him, mingling with his chuckling triumph, Bryan climbed back into his dark little car and swiftly drove away. He did not head for Shady Valley; he was too clever for that. Instead, driving as swiftly as he dared, he circled back around Thomasville, then cut across and hit the New York Highway at a point far below Shady Valley and the Lake Ontario side road. He passed two gas stands where he was known; drove slowly enough so that the attendants would see him and respond to his wave of greeting. Exactly as though he were on his way home from the city; no possible connection with Lake Ontario. . .

He had stopped at the bridge over Sunapee Creek, tied a big stone in the towel and sunk it. The panic was gone now; there was nothing but triumph. Nothing ahead of him now but Rawlings' money. Grace, a shocked, grieved young widow, wouldn't be niggardly with her sympathetic brother, of course. She had already done her best, pawning her jewels to help Bryan out with his gambling debts. Bryan was senior teller at the little Shady Valley bank. Grace didn't know about his six thousand-dollar shortage there, of course. That would have been discovered next week, when the bank examiners arrived; but it would be made good by Grace now, of course. He shivered at the closeness of his escape.

As he reached Center Avenue, Bryan's heart jumped. Down the broad shaded street, where the cluster of lamps over a stoop marked the brick building which was the Shady Valley Police Station, a little commotion was evident. A group of people was on the sidewalk; a big sedan was there at the curb; and inside the building there was evidently unusual activity.

Bryan hopped out and joined the crowd. "I say, what's happened?" he demanded of a pimply-faced youth.

"Oh, you, Fashion Plate." But the village boy wasn't jibing. He was awed; excited. "Your brother-in-law," he said. "Mr. Rawlings—guess he's dead—he was found down in the lake near the Thomasville cut-off."

"Why—why, good heavens, that's terrible—my brother-in-law, you say?" He knew that he should force his way into

the police station. That was the normal thing to do—a shocked relative. . . . He'd phone poor Grace from inside. . . .

He was in the police station now, with two or three uniformed men clustering around him. It was all a blur to his terrified sight. A ring of staring eyes; voices. . . . "Lookit him! Fashion Plate never looked like this before."

"Why is he so frightened?"

"Damn queer—something queer about this, fellers—"

Hands were plucking at him. What in heaven's name could this mean? Then suddenly he realized that the policemen were searching him; taking things from his pockets. His familiar things from his jacket pocket. . . .

Then abruptly one of the big policemen was saying:

"You, Bryan—when did you last see your brother-in-law?"

"Me? See Peter? Why—why, I haven't seen him for a week."

What was this? What was the matter with everybody here? These things they were taking from Bryan's pockets—

"Didn't see him tonight—not at all today?" the policeman persisted.

"No. No, of course, I didn't."

"Didn't happen to go swimming with him tonight by any chance, did you?"

"Say, what's the matter with all you people? Is this some kind of joke? Of course, I didn't go swimming. Haven't seen Peter in a week, I told you."

"But you're a good swimmer?"

"Yes. Sure I am. What in hell has that—"

"You wouldn't let your brother-in-law drown waist deep in water, would you now?"

The big sergeant gestured with grim irony to the things he was taking from Bryan's trousers' pockets. . . . A memorandum dated today, on a billhead of Rawlings' store. . . . A telegram to Rawlings. . . .

"He got that telegram at nine o'clock tonight," the sergeant said. "Stuffed it here into his trousers' pocket—"

Sickened with horror, Bryan stared down at his white linen trousers, and his whirling mind swept back. . . . That dark cluster of rocks on the shorefront where he and Rawlings had undressed. . . . Their clothes had been in separate piles. Except the white trousers. He realized it now—the white trousers, both so familiar, laying partly on top of each other, with the white towel on them—just dim pallid blobs down there in the darkness of the ground. And as he dressed after the murder Bryan had been in such a panic of haste and excitement he had had no time to think of himself at all, nor in his dark car until he had come here. . . . The first time in his life that Beau Brummel had neglected his appearance!

"We've got you, Bryan—"

"Yes, you—you've got me—"

He hardly realized he was saying it. He was still blankly staring down at his white linen trousers. But they were Rawlings' white linen trousers rumpled and dirty, very far from being neatly pressed because Rawlings was no Fashion Plate!

WORLD WONDERS



SNAKES
CANNOT BE
CHARMED
WITH MUSIC

THEY ARE DEAF!

THEY HEAR ONLY
THRU GROUND
VIBRATIONS!



IN BOUGAINVILLE ISLAND
IN THE SOLOMON GROUP THE
DAYS ARE CLOUDY AND SUN
SELDOM APPEARS **YET-**
THE NATIVES ARE KNOWN
FOR THEIR BLACK SKIN!



THE HAIRY TARANTULAS OF
CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA
ARE STRONG ENOUGH TO CAPTURE
AND KILL BIRDS.....



THE TUSKS OF THE **RHINO**
ARE NEITHER BONE NOR HORN
BUT TIGHTLY COMPACTED
HAIR.....

The HANGMAN

SPECIAL
CASE
NO. 26

B. F. F.

the CASE
of the
PYTHON'S
CURSE



INDIA!
LAND OF
LEGEND!
LAND OF
THE WEIRD
AND SUPER
NATURAL!
IT IS HERE,
OUR
STRANGE
UNBELIEV-
ABLE
TALE
BEGINS!
IT IS ONLY
HERE, SUCH
A TALE
COULD
BEGIN!
IN
INDIA!

IN THE BUSTLING
MARKET PLACE OF
AN ANCIENT HINDU
TOWN!...



...THREE
EXPLORERS
CAUTIOUSLY APPROACH
A SNAKE CHARMER...



LOOK,
BAXTER!
THERE
IT IS!

GREAT
SCOTT!
THE RARE
RINGED
PYTHON!

IT'S WORTH A FORTUNE
IN THE STATES, BUT THAT
CHARMER'D NEVER SELL IT
TO US! TO HIM, IT'S SACRED!
NOW, HERE'S MY PLAN TO
GET IT!.... LISTEN...



LATE THAT NIGHT, THE UNSCRUPULOUS
FORTUNE HUNTERS PUT THEIR PLAN INTO
EFFECT.....

CAREFUL, WYLIE!
WE DON'T WANT TO
HAVE TO KILL
THIS GUY!!

THE PYTHON IS IN
THAT JAR! I SAW
HIM PUT IT THERE!



SUDDENLY...

AARRHHH..
HELP!!

HOLY MACKERAL!
ANOTHER SNAKE!
IT'S GOT GORLEY!

GRAB
THE JAR,
BEFORE
THE HINDU
AWAKES!



BAXTER.. WYLIE..
BEING CRUSHED..
HELP..
YAAAAA...

C'MON, NOTHING WE
CAN DO FOR HIM NOW!
LET'S SAVE OUR
OWN SKINS!



BUT THE HINDU AWAKENS,
AND...

THE CURSE OF
THE SACRED PYTHON
BE ON YOUR SOULS,
FOUL INFIDELS!





YES, WYLIE! FOR A SPECIMEN LIKE THIS RINGED PYTHON, WE CAN NAME OUR OWN PRICE!



YOU DRIVE A HARD BARGAIN, BAXTER, BUT IT'S A DEAL!



PARALYZED WITH FEAR, BAXTER REMAINS AS THOUGH ROOTED TO HIS BED... THEN...



TIGHTER, AND TIGHTER, THE PYTHON COILS ITSELF AROUND THE HELPLESS VICTIM AND ALL THE WHILE THE WEIRD MUSIC BECOMES LOUDER.....



STILL TIGHTER! UNTIL THE VICTIM'S FEEBLE STRUGGLES FOREVER CEASE...



AND THEN, THE MUSICIAN STANDS FORTH, THE SNAKE CHARMER



BACK TO YOUR MASTER, MY PRETTY ONE! WE HAVE MORE WORK TO DO THIS NIGHT!



WHAT'S ALL THE NOISE IN HERE...
EEE... MR. BAXTER... MR. BAXTER...
WHAT'S HAPPENED?



POLICE... POLICE... THIS IS MR. BAXTER'S MAID! HURRY OVER! MR. BAXTER'S DEAD! MURDERED!



DEAD ENOUGH, ALL
RIGHT, DICKERING!
EVERY BONE IN
HIS BODY IS BROKEN!
HOW THE HECK COULD
IT HAVE HAPPENED?

A CERTAIN TYPE OF
SNAKE COULD
HAVE DONE IT
CHIEF! A BOA-
CONSTRUCTOR, OR
A PYTHON!

YOU, AND YOUR COCKEYED
THEORIES! WHAT WOULD
A *SNAKE* BE DOIN'
AROUND THESE
PARTS, DICKERING?

I DON'T
KNOW! I
JUST
THOUGHT!



WHY, MR.
BAXTER JUST
SOLD A SNAKE
TO THE ZOO,
GENTLEMEN!

SO WHAT? IF THE
SNAKE HAD ES-
CAPED, THEY'D
HAVE NOTIFIED
THE POLICE!

LOOKS LIKE THE CHIEF'S
DETERMINED NOT TO BE-
LIEVE MY SNAKE THEORY!
I'M GOING TO HAVE A
PRIVATE
CHAT WITH
THAT
MAID!

YES, MR. DICKERING!
MR. BAXTER HAD
A COUPLA OTHERS
WITH HIM IN
INDIA! A, MR.
GORLEY, AND
A MR. WILEY!

AND YOU
SAY,
GORLEY
DIDN'T
COME BACK
WITH 'EM,
EH??



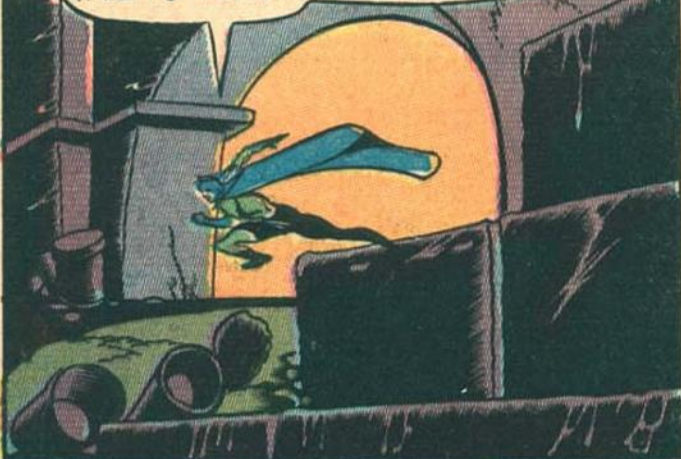
WELL, S'LONG,
CHIEF! GOTTA SEE
A MAN ABOUT
A *SNAKE*!

I DON'T LIKE
THE WAY YOU
SAY THAT, DICKERING
WHAT ARE YEZ
UP TO?

EXIT, BOB DICKERING! ENTER THE
HANGMAN! AND NOW, WE'LL SEE, WHAT
MR. WILEY HAS TO SAY ABOUT MY SNAKE
HUNCH! FORTUNATELY, THAT MAID
KNEW HIS ADDRESS!!



I DON'T KNOW, WHY IT IS! BUT SOMEHOW I
FEEL AS THOUGH I MUST HURRY! AS THOUGH
THE SAME FATE IS HANGING OVER
WILEY'S HEAD!



THIS IS THE
NEIGHBORHOOD!
NOT A VERY NICE
ONE FOR A FELLOW,
WHO JUST MADE
A FORTUNE, SELLING
A SNAKE!



IN WILEY'S HOUSE!.

PERHAPS, I SHOULD
HAVE TAKEN MY
SHARE OF THAT
MONEY, DEAR!
I COULD HAVE
GIVEN YOU NICE
THINGS,
AND..

NO,
DARLING!
YOU DID
RIGHT IN
SENDING IT
TO GORLEY'S
WIDOW!



IT WAS BLOOD
MONEY.. AND
WE NEVER
WOULD HAVE
BEEN HAPPY
WITH IT!

YES! I
NEVER WANTED
TO STEAL THAT
SNAKE! BUT
BAXTER TALKED
ME INTO IT! WELL,
GOOD NIGHT,
DEAR !!



I DIDN'T TELL
MY WIFE ABOUT THAT
HORRIBLE CURSE, THE
SNAKE CHARMER FLUNG
AFTER US! IT'S ONLY
NONSENSE ANYWAY,
BUT IT MIGHT ALARM
HER !!!



WHAT'S THAT? SOUNDS LIKE
MUSIC!..ORIENTAL MUSIC!
RIGHT OUTSIDE MY
WINDOW!



WHO'D BE PLAYING
MUSIC ANYWAY, THIS
TIME OF NIGHT?
AND SUCH A
WEIRD TUNE!



WAIT! THAT WAS THE
MUSIC, WE HEARD IN INDIA!
THE SNAKE CHARMER'S
MUSIC! THE CURSE!
BUT.. BUT IT CAN'T
BE!!



YEE OOWW..
THE RINGED
PYTHON!



IT... IT'S GOT ME
HYPNOTIZED! I...
CAN'T MOOVE!



SUDDENLY, THE GLOOM
ERUPTS, THE LITHE FIGURE
OF THE HANGMAN....



.. AND AS THE HANGMAN
BATTLES THE DEADLY PYTHON,
A KNIFE FLASHES THROUGH
THE AIR, AND.....





TH.. THANKS,
FOR TRYING
TO HELP! BUT
NO USE, COULDN'T
ESCAPE THE CURSE!
CURSE OF
THE
SACRED
PYTHON!
ONLY RING-
ED PYTHON
IN EXISTENCE!
AAAAHHH..



YES! AND
YOU SHALL
DIE TOO,
MEDDLER!



ON SECOND THOUGHT,
I'D BETTER LET HIM
LIVE, AND CARRY THE TALE
OF THE CURSE!



Ooo.. MY HEAD!
MIGHT THINK A
BLACKSMITH PLAYED
THE ANVIL CHORUS
ON IT, IF I HADN'T
CAUGHT A GLIMPSE
OF THAT HINDU
BEFORE HE
CONKED
ME!



HELLO,
CHIEF!!
BETTER
HUSTLE
DOWN HERE!
ANOTHER
CUSTOMER FOR
YOU!!



SO THAT
RINGED
PYTHON IS
THE ONLY
ONE OF
IT'S KIND IN
EXISTENCE
EH??



THAT MEANS,
THAT IT *MUST*
HAVE COME
FROM THE
ZOO!

...AND THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO REMOVE A SNAKE FROM THE ZOO, WITHOUT ITS BEING REPORTED TO THE POLICE...IF THE ZOO-KEEPER HIMSELF TOOK IT!!!



AH...THE RINGED PYTHON IS MISSING FROM HIS CAGE, THAT MEANS I GOT HERE BEFORE IT COULD BE PUT BACK!



AS THOUGH WARNED BY SOME SIXTH SENSE, THE HANGMAN WHIRLS AROUND TO SEE...

YOU DON'T CATCH ME, THE SECOND TIME!



YOU'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF PITCHING!

NOW, LET'S SEE, HOW GOOD YOU ARE AT CATCHING!

YOUR JIG'S UP....



...MR. GORLEY!, ALIAS, THE SNAKE CHARMER !!!



AND YOU'RE GOING TO HANG, FOR THE MURDER OF YOUR TWO FELLOW EXPLORERS, BAXTER, AND WILEY! HANG, DO YOU HEAR?



NO, I WON'T, HANGMAN! I DON'T KNOW, HOW YOU FIGURED IT OUT!



.. BUT THOSE RATS
LEFT ME TO DIE! I ESCAPED
AFTER ALL! I GOT A
JOB AS A GUARD IN THIS
ZOO, SO I COULD HAVE
ACCESS TO THE PYTHON!

THAT HINDU'S CURSE
GAVE ME THE IDEA
ON HOW TO GET
MY REVENGE! SO
I DISGUISED
MYSELF AS
HIM!

BUT NOW, I'M GOING TO
KILL YOU, TOO,
HANGMAN! YOU'LL
NEVER HANG ME!

WATCH
OUT!
THE
PYTHON
!!

WHA..

HANGMAN!
HELP! IT'S
STRANGLING
ME!

GOOD LORD!
THAT THING'S GOT HIM
AROUND THE THROAT..
LIKE A
NOOSE!

BANG

DEAD!
HE WAS
HANGED BY
THE NECK,
AFTER
ALL!

POOR MISGUIDED FOOL! HE
MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN AWAY
WITH IT, IF I HADN'T BEATEN
HIM BACK TO THE ZOO! BUT
THAT'S THE WAY IT IS, WITH
CRIMINALS! THERE'S ALWAYS
THAT IF!

HAVE YOU TUNED
IN ON THE
BLACK HOOD?
EVERY DAY
MONDAY TO
FRIDAY
ON THE
MUTUAL
BROADCASTING
COMPANY!
WRITE STATION
WOR
N.Y.C., N.Y.
AND TELL THEM
YOU'D LIKE TO
KEEP HEARING
**THE
BLACK
HOOD!**
WRITE NOW!

THE **BLACK HOOD**

WANTS YOU TO TUNE IN ON THE WOR

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM--



THE **BLACK HOOD** IS ON THE AIR EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY ON THE W.O.R. MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM. CONSULT YOUR NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME... **AND TUNE IN!** A TWIST OF THE DIAL.. AND YOU'RE ON THE HIGH-ROAD TO THRILLS! SHAKES AND QUAKES! CREEPS AND SHRIEKS...WITH THE GREATEST CRIME FIGHTER OF THEM ALL...**THE BLACK HOOD.** WRITE TO THE BLACK HOOD, W.O.R., N.Y.C. HE'LL BE VERY GLAD TO HEAR FROM YOU! AND REMEMBER, WHEN YOU'RE READING AN **M.L.J.** PUBLICATION.. YOU'RE READING THE **BEST** COMIC MAGAZINE MONEY CAN BUY!! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER TO **THE BLACK HOOD, STATION W.O.R., N.Y.C. N.Y.**

The HANGMAN

Special Case
no. 27

Pirates
out of
the
Past



B. F. J. E. C.

A STRANGE GHOSTLY FOG HANGS OVER THE OCEAN... BUT NO STRANGER IS IT THAN THE SHIP IT BLANKETS - AN ANCIENT SPANISH GALLEON



AND IN THE CROW'S NEST LAND! LAND DEAD AHEAD, CAPTAIN BALBO!



LAND AT LONG LAST! I NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE LAND AGAIN!

SI, CAPTAIN BALBO! IT MUST BE MONTHS SINCE WE FIRST FLOATED INTO THE FOG!



YES! I WAS ALMOST BEGINNING TO THINK IT WAS BAD LUCK FOR US TO HAVE PLUNDERED AND SUNK THAT SHIP CARRYING THE SPANISH CHURCH'S GOLD!

HA, HA, HA, HA



...THE DATE - 1498

IS THIS SOME JEST? AN ANCIENT SHIP WHOSE CREW SEEMS MADE UP OF ANCIENT PIRATES? AND YET WHEN THE PIRATE CAPTAIN GOES TO HIS QUARTERS, HE OPENS HIS LOG BOOK AND INSCRIBES IN IT SERIOUSLY ENOUGH



MAKE FOR THAT COVE, MEN!



I, CAPTAIN BALBO CLAIM THIS LAND! WE SHALL BUILD OUR HEADQUARTERS HERE!



AND ON THIS VERY SPOT SHALL WE BURY OUR LOOT!



BUT UNSEEN, THERE IS A SPECTATOR TO THE BIZARRE SCENE ON THE BEACH...

GEE WHIZ... GOLLY! PIRATES! MAYBE THEY'RE MAKIN' A MOVING PICTURE!

A MOVING PICTURE... PERHAPS! AND YET THE CAST OF CHARACTERS SEEM CURIOUSLY SINCERE.

START DIGGING HERE, MATIES!

AYE, AYE, CAPTAIN BALBO!

DEEPER! MUCH DEEPER!

SEEMS LIKE THIS IS DEEP ENOUGH CAPTAIN! WE'RE NOT DIGGING A GRAVE!

SUDDENLY, THE CAPTAIN'S EYES GLEAM WICKEDLY AND HE DRAWS A PAIR OF ANCIENT PISTOLS...

HOW RIGHT YOU ARE MATES! YOU ARE DIGGING A GRAVE! YOUR GRAVE! HA, HA, HA, HA!

FOOLS! DID YOU THINK I'D ALLOW ANYONE ELSE BUT MYSELF TO KNOW WHERE THIS TREASURE IS HIDDEN

THEN IT IS, THE CURIOUS YOUNGSTER REALIZES THIS SCENE IS REAL...

HE... HE KILLED 'EM - THE MURDERER!

I'M GONNA CALL THE COPS!

WHA.. THE
HANGMAN!

WHOA, YOUNG
FELLOW! YOU
SEEM IN A TERR-
IBLE HURRY!

YOU SAW
IT TOO,
HANGMAN?

IT WOULDN'T BE
THAT PIRATE SHIP
THAT FRIGHTENED
YOU SO!

THEN MAYBE YOU
SAW THE PIRATE
CAPTAIN MUR-
DER TWO
OF HIS MEN
AN' BURY
'EM BACK
THERE WITH
THE TREAS-
URE...

MURDER... BURIED TREASURE... SOUNDS
LIKE SOMETHING ONLY A KID WOULD DREAM
UP- IF I HADN'T SEEN THAT CRAZY SHIP MY-
SELF... C'MON YOUNG FELLOW! SHOW ME
WHERE...

I LINED UP THE PIRATE
SHIP WITH THIS ROTTED
HULK. IS THIS WHERE
YOU SAW THE
PIRATES?

NO! A LITTLE
FURTHER DOWN
THE BEACH!

THERE IT IS, HANGMAN! THE
PIRATES MARKED THE
SPOT WITH THAT
STAKE!

HMM...LEFT THE
SHOVEL HERE, TOO!
MUST PLAN
ON RETURNING
SOON. BETTER START
DIGGING FAST!

YOU WERE RIGHT...
AND IT SOUNDS AS
THOUGH THIS TRUNK
REALLY CONTAINS
COINS OF SOME
KIND! BY THE WAY,
WHAT'S YOUR
NAME, SON?

JOEY! BOY, I NEVER
DREAMED
I'D BE HELPIN'
YOU, HANGMAN!

HOLY COW! SPANISH 'DOUBLOONS, AT LEAST
500 YEARS OLD! AND LOOK AT THE DATE ON
THIS LOG BOOK!



BUT AT THAT MOMENT, THE HANGMAN HIMSELF, IS IN DEADLY PERIL AS THE PIRATE CAPTAIN DEXTEROUSLY DISARMS HIM, AND ADVANCES WITH THE WICKED LOOK OF MURDER GLEAMING IN HIS EYES!



THIS GUY
MEANS
BUSINESS!



JOEY! THERE'S BLOOD
RUNNING FROM HIS
HEAD...BUT IT'S ONLY
A SCALP WOUND!



I HAVE YOU NOW, IMP
OF SATAN! YOUR
FRIEND THE ONE YOU
CALL HANGMAN,
SHALL NOT SAVE
YOU!



NO! NO!

GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE THE
OLD-FASHIONED WAY OF
DISPOSING OF CAPTAIN
BALBO!



NO YOU DON'T
RAT! SEEMS TO BE
A SPECIALTY OF
YOU FELLOWS-
STABBING
PEOPLE IN
THE
BACK!



BUT THEN, ANOTHER PIRATE SKULKS UP FROM BEHIND AND...



BOUND AND UNCONSCIOUS, THE HANGMAN AND JOEY ARE TAKEN TO THE GHOST SHIP...



WHO ARE YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO? OR WHATEVER YOUR NAME IS? WHAT'S YOUR RACKET?

RACKET! RACKET! YOU SPEAK A STRANGE ENGLISH TONGUE! BUT IT MATTERS NOT! YOU TWO SHALL FETCH A HANDSOME RANSOM!



CAPTAIN BALBO! COME QUICK! I OVERHEARD THE MEN TALKING OF MUTINY!

WHAT!



AYE! THEY KNOW YOU BURIED THE TREASURE TO CHEAT THEM OF IT! AND THEY FOUND THE BODIES OF PEDRO AND JUAN WHOM YOU SHOT!

THE FILTHY SCUM! COME WITH ME, CUCARACHA



LISTEN TO ME, YOU SWINE 'Twill DO YOU NO GOOD TO PLOT AGAINST ME! I HAVE SPIES AMONG YOU. I KNOW YOUR EVERY MOVE!





I COULD KILL YOU ALL, NOW. BUT I SHALL SHOW YOU I AM YOUR FRIEND, AND POINT OUT ONE OF MY SPIES!



THERE HE IS—CUCARACHA!

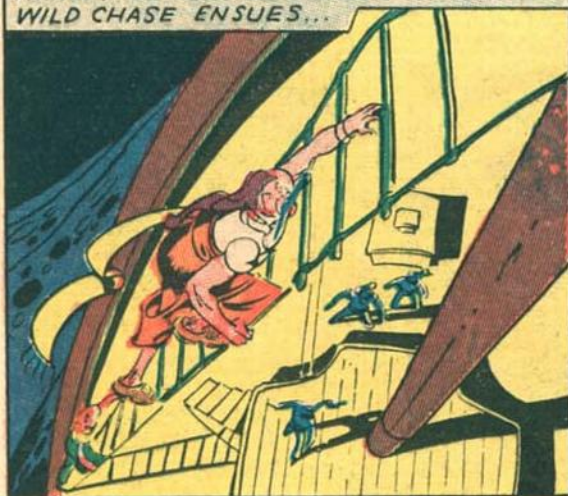
CAPTAIN BALBO, YOU CURSED TRAITOR!



KILL THE SPY!

HANG HIM FROM THE YARDARM!

SQUEALING WITH TERROR, THE COCKROACH FRANTICALLY TRIES TO ELUDE HIS BLOOD-THIRSTY VENGEFUL PURSUERS—AND A WILD CHASE ENSUES...



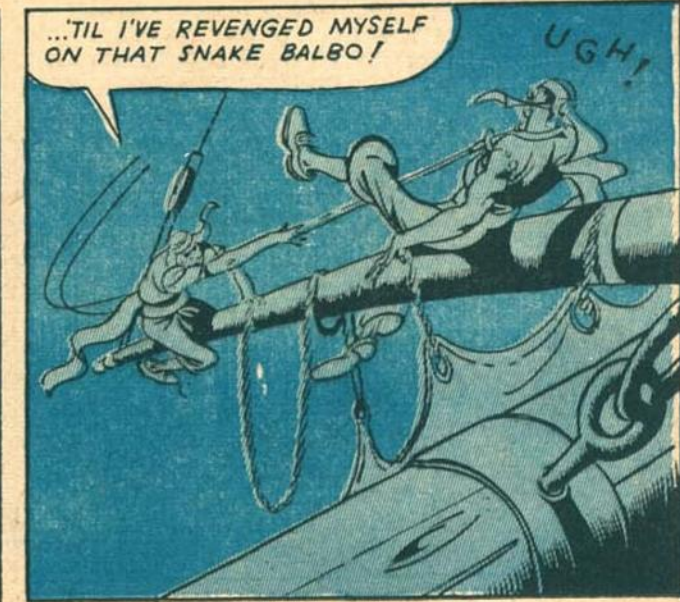
I'VE GOT YOU NOW... I'LL CUT YOUR HEART OUT!



I... I DIDN'T TELL ANYTHING, I SWEAR IT... CAPTAIN BALBO LIED!



KEEP AWAY FROM ME! KEEP AWAY FROM ME! I WARN YOU... YOU'RE NOT GOING TO KILL ME! NOBODY'S GOING TO KILL ME. . .



...TIL I'VE REVENGED MYSELF ON THAT SNAKE BALBO!

UGH!

BUT THE COCKROACH
LOSES HIS BALANCE AND
TOPPLES OFF HIS PERCH.

1

A
A
I
E
E

2

STILL ALIVE AND
KICKING, EH!
FEED 'IM TO THE
SHARKS, MEN!

3

AS FOR YOU, CAPTAIN BALBO,
WE'RE NOT THROUGH WITH
YOU YET! WE WANT OUR
SHARE OF THAT LOOT—AND
WE WANT IT NOW!

CERTAINLY, YOU
GET YOUR SHARES!
YOU DON'T THINK
I'D CHEAT YOU,
DO YOU?

NEVER
MIND THE
TALK! JUST
DIVIDE
THE
SPOILS!

JUST A MINUTE, ALL OF YOU! I DON'T KNOW
WHO YOU ARE—OR HOW YOU GOT HERE! BUT
YOU'VE GOT TO LISTEN TO ME! IT'S POINTLESS
TO SQUABBLE AMONG YOURSELVES ABOUT
YOUR BLOODY SPOILS!

IF WHAT YOU SAY IS TRUE, THEN YOU ALL
SHOULD HAVE DIED MORE THAN 4
CENTURIES AGO! THIS IS THE YEAR 1943!
THE BEST THING YOU CAN DO IS GIVE
YOURSELVES UP TO
THE PROPER
AUTHORITIES!

HE'S A FILTHY AGENT OF KING FERDINAND, I SAY LADS TRYIN' TO SAVE HIS SKIN WITH A PACK OF LIES!

IT'S TRUE I TELL YOU!

STRING 'IM FROM THE YARDARM!

CUT HIS GIZZARD OUT!

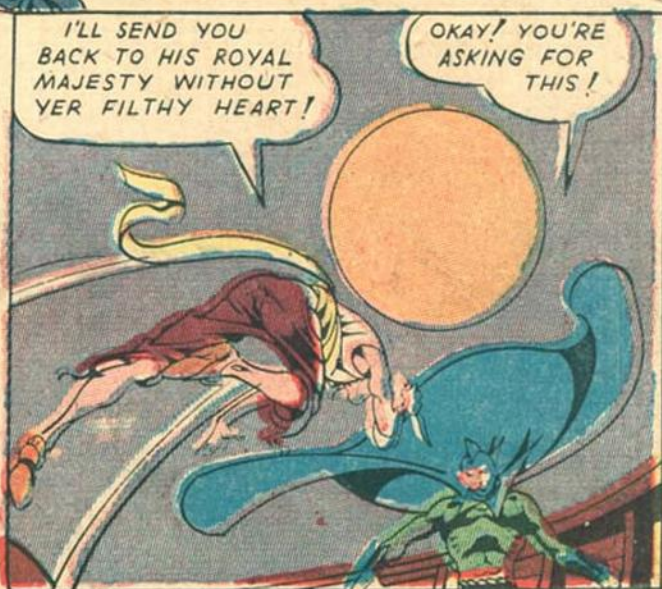
IT'S A TRICK TO ROB US OF OUR LOOT!



STAND BACK, LADS! I GET FIRST CRACK AT HIM!

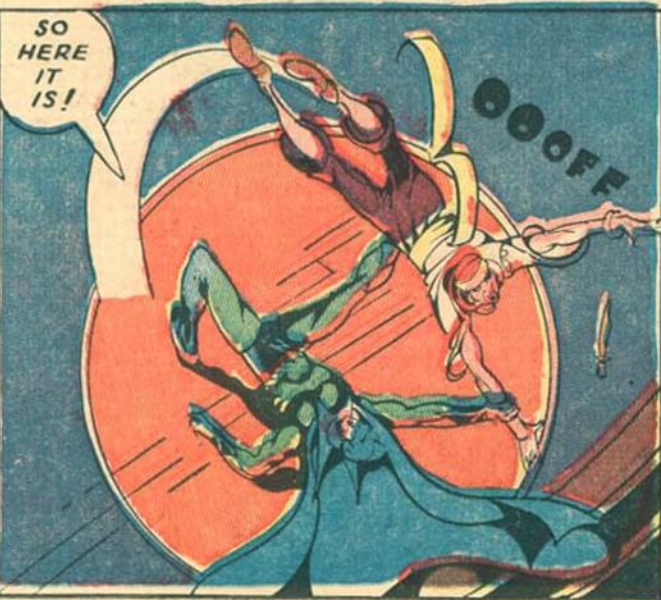
I'LL SEND YOU BACK TO HIS ROYAL MAJESTY WITHOUT YER FILTHY HEART!

OKAY! YOU'RE ASKING FOR THIS!



SO HERE IT IS!

OOOFF



HELP MATES!
A SHARK!
HELP...



YEEOWW....
HE'S GOT ME BY
THE LEG!....



AT 'IM LADS! WE'LL
FINISH 'IM OFF
QUICK!

WOW... LOOK'S LIKE
MY GOOSE IS COOKED!
I CAN'T FIGHT THE
WHOLE CREW!
UNARMED!



JUST AS THINGS SEEM HOPELESS FOR THE
HANGMAN, FATE COMES TO HIS AID IN THE
SHAPE OF AN OCTOPUS, DREAD DENIZEN OF
THE DEEP, ATTRACTED BY THE SMELL OF
BLOOD...



AND THE HANGMAN, TRUE TO HIS
CODE OF HONOR, GOES TO THE AID
OF HIS HELPLESS ENEMIES...



NOW'S MY CHANCE TO GET RID OF THAT ACCURSED KING'S AGENT... AND SOME OF THOSE MUTINOUS SWINE, TOO!



WHAT IN... THE RAT'S TURNING THE CANNON ON HIS OWN MEN!



AN ANCIENT BUT MURDEROUS WEAPON, CUTS A WIDE SWATH OF DEATH IN THE RANKS.



AND AT THAT MOMENT...



YOU ESCAPED THE HANGMAN IN YOUR TIME CAPT. BALBO! BUT I'LL BE YOUR HANGMAN IN THIS CENTURY!



YOU'LL BE A DEAD HANGMAN AS SOON AS I PULL THIS...

UGH



I TOLD YE THE COCKROACH'D GET HIS REVENGE CAPTAIN BALBO!



THEY'RE ALL DEAD... EVERY LAST ONE OF THE CREW!

HANGMAN! LOOK, I FOUND THE LOGBOOK!



HMM... IT'S BALBO'S LOG BOOK ALL RIGHT! WITH ALL HIS CRIMES RECORDED HERE! CRIMES COMMITTED IN THE 15TH CENTURY!



DO YOU REALLY THINK IT'S TRUE HANGMAN?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK, JOEY. IT ALL SOUNDS SO FANTASTIC, AND YET... JOEY! WATCH OUT! THAT MAST! IT'S TOPPLING OUR WAY!

JUMP! THE WHOLE SHIP IS CRACKING UP. IT'LL SINK ANY MINUTE!



THAT'S FUNNY, ONE MINUTE IT SEEMED SOLID ENOUGH, AND THE NEXT, IT WENT COMPLETELY TO PIECES!

HOW'RE WE GONNA GET BACK TO SHORE!... I CAN'T SWIM THAT FAR!



FORTUNATELY JOEY'S QUESTION IS ANSWERED BY A COAST GUARD CUTTER WHICH COMES STEAMING UP



I DON'T GET IT. WE JUST PICKED YOU UP - AND NOW YOU WANT TO GO DOWN IN A DIVING HELMET! WHY?

TO BRING YOU PROOF OF A STORY I HARDLY BELIEVE MYSELF! PROOF THAT WENT DOWN WITH THAT SHIP!



GREAT SCOT! THIS IS THE SPOT IT SANK. I'M POSITIVE! AND YET...



THE SHIP AND THE CREW ARE ALL ROTTED AWAY - JUST AS THOUGH THEY'D BEEN HERE FOR CENTURIES...



WELL, HANGMAN, ARE YOU READY TO TELL ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! DID YOU GET THE PROOF YOU WERE LOOKING FOR?



YES, CAPTAIN, I CONVINCED MYSELF! AS FOR THE STORY, IT WOULDN'T LOOK GOOD AS AN OFFICIAL REPORT - SO PERHAPS IT HAD BEST BE LEFT UNTOLD!



The HANGMAN'S PUZZLE

WHO MURDERED WENDEL WHITE ??? HE WAS CRUELLY KILLED BY ONE OF FIVE RELATIVES WHO WORKED FOR HIM...WHO DID IT ? THE HANGMAN KNOWS -- DO **YOU** ?



THIS IS TOBEY WHITE, CAPTAIN OF THE YACHT...



THIS IS CABOT WHITE, THE ARTIST...



THIS IS BARON WHITE, THE BAKER.



THIS IS CAROL WHITE, FAMILY ORGANIST...

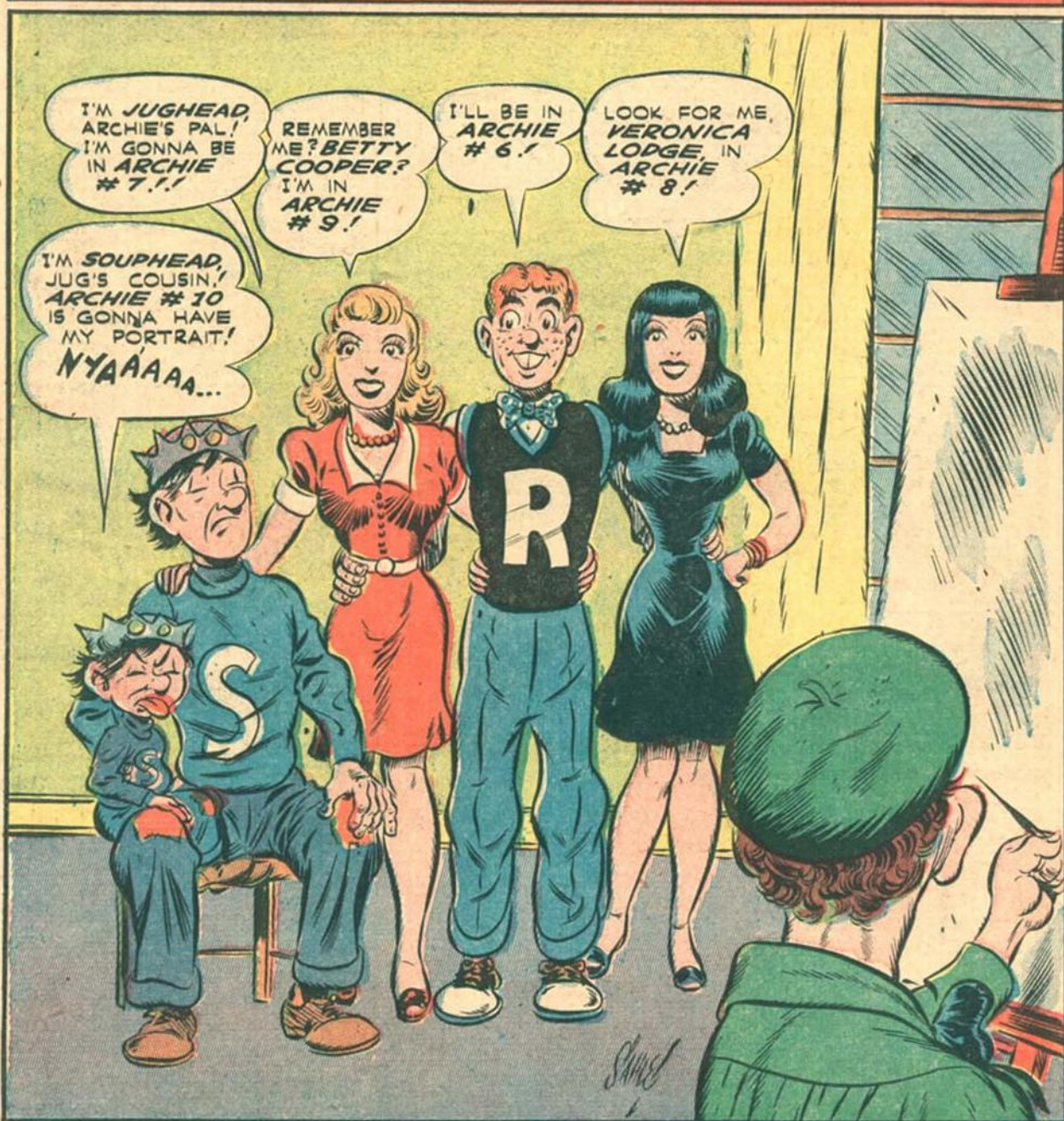


THIS IS GARRY WHITE, THE FAMILY TAILOR.

HERE IS THE HANGMAN'S CLUE...JUST TAKE THE FIRST LETTER OF THE JOB OF EACH SUSPECT AND YOU WILL KNOW THE NAME OF THE KILLER.... HERE IS THE ANSWER TO READ IT HOLD IT UP TO A MIRROR **TOBAS**

GREAT NEWS

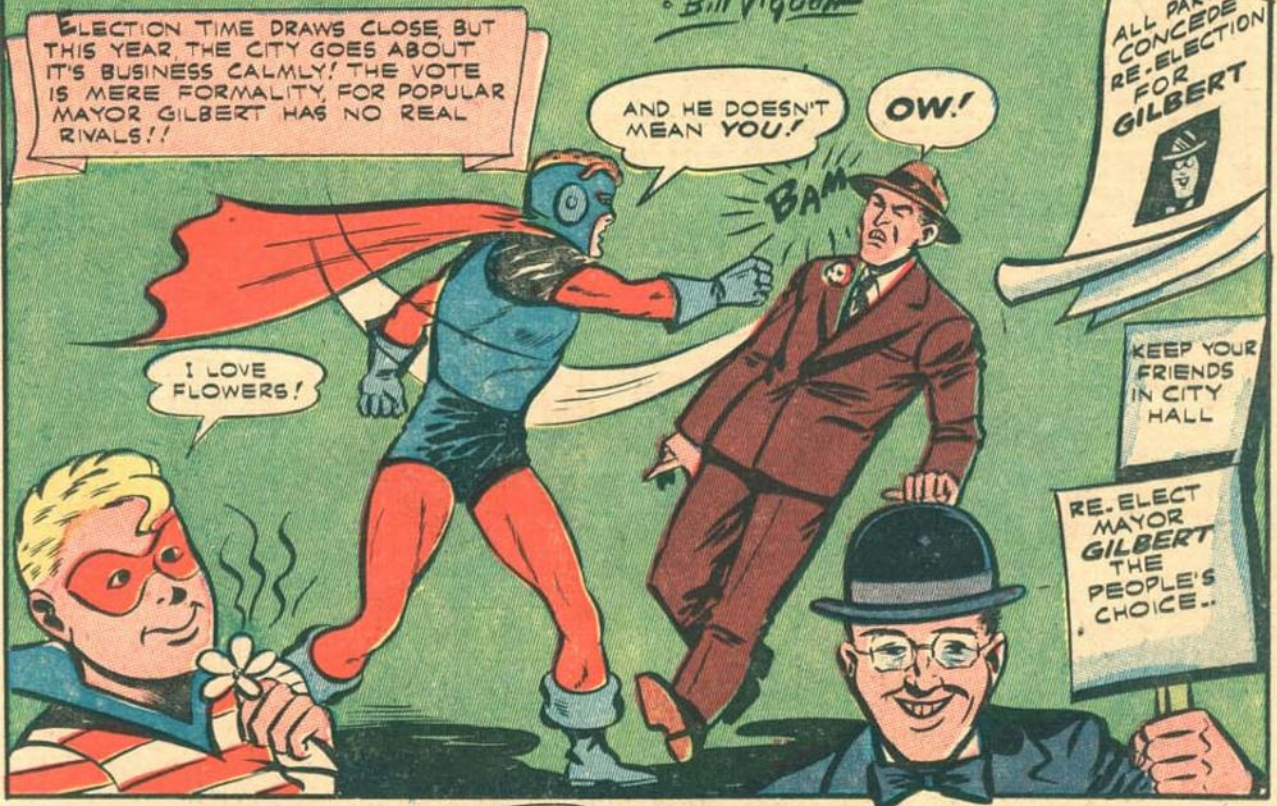
STARTING IN ARCHIE COMICS #6, THE ARTIST WILL DRAW PAGE-SIZED FULL-COLORED AUTOGRAPHED, PORTRAITS OF ARCHIE AND HIS GANG! THESE PORTRAITS ARE SUITABLE FOR FRAMING! EVERY ISSUE OF ARCHIE COMICS WILL CONTAIN ONE OF THESE PORTRAITS!!



DON'T FORGET TO TUNE IN ON THE ADVENTURES OF ARCHIE ANDREWS ON YOUR RADIO! ARCHIE APPEARS EVERY DAY, MONDAY TO FRIDAY, OVER W.J.Z, AND THE BLUE NETWORK! CONSULT YOUR LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE TIME! AND REMEMBER, ARCHIE WANTS TO HEAR FROM YOU! ADDRESS YOUR LETTER OR POSTCARD TO, ARCHIE ANDREWS, CARE OF, STATION W.J.Z, NEW YORK CITY! DO IT NOW! HE'LL BE HAPPY TO HEAR FROM YOU!!!!

ROY and DUSTY The Boy Buddies

By Bill Vigoda



WHAT KIND OF A GAME IS THIS? AN UNKNOWN MAN ELECTED MAYOR OF A GREAT CITY?

CONGRATULATIONS, MAYOR BINGLE!

WHO IS IT?
OH, IT'S YOU, SAM! WHAT DO YOU WANT??

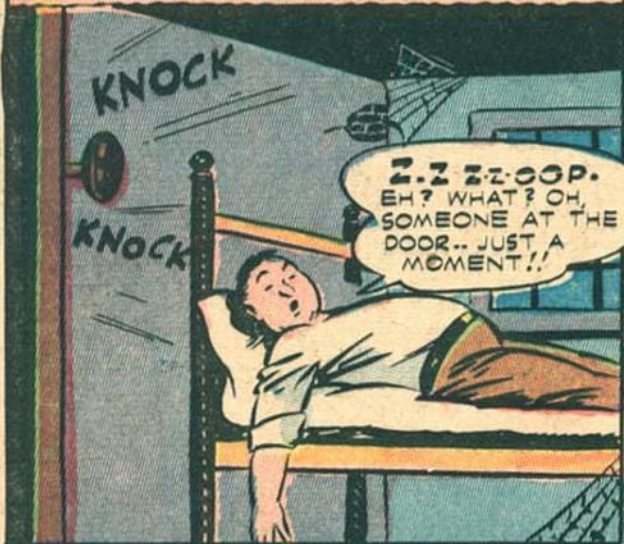


KNOCK

KNOCK

Z-Z Z-Z-OOP.

EH? WHAT? OH, SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.. JUST A MOMENT!!



THE NEWS SINKS IN..

COME IN.. DON'T GET EXCITED.. WHAT DID YOU SAY? MAYOR? W. WHO? M-ME?

THAT'S RIGHT! YOU'VE BEEN ELECTED!



BY A LANDSLIDE! THE BIGGEST UPSET IN HISTORY.. WHY, MR. MAYOR!



NOR IS THE NEW MAYOR THE ONLY ONE SURPRISED AT THE OUTCOME OF THE ELECTION..

THE WHOLE CITY'S WORKED UP ABOUT THE ELECTION, DUSTY!

I STILL DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BOY! EVERYBODY'S ACTING AS THOUGH IT'S THE EIGHT WONDER OF THE WORLD!

CAN'T SAY I BLAME 'EM! LET'S LOOK IN ON OLD BINGLE, ROY!

IMAGINE, AN AMATEUR RUNNING THIS CITY!!

AT CITY HALL..

THINK, HE'LL REMEMBER US??

I DON'T KNOW! IT'S A LONG TIME SINCE WE DID HIM THAT FAVOR!



IMAGINE THAT! AFTER RUNNING FOR EVERY OFFICE IN THE TOWN ON A REFORM PLATFORM, HE BECOMES MAYOR!

YEAH! MAYBE HE'LL TELL US, HOW HE DID IT!

MAYOR
PRIVATE

KNOCK
KNOCK

BOY! DUSTY! AM I GLAD YOU CAME!

HELLO, MR. BINGLE! WE DIDN'T THINK YOU'D REMEMBER US!!

HOW DID YOU SWING IT, BING... ER... MR. MAYOR?

THE ELECTION BOARD FORGOT TO TAKE MY NAME OFF THE BALLOT.. IT'S ALL A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I HAVEN'T ANY PROGRAM, AND NOW, THAT I'M MAYOR, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!

YOU MEAN, YOU DON'T WANT TO BE MAYOR?

WANT TO BE MAYOR?

WHY I EVEN VOTED AGAINST MYSELF!

JUST TEN MINUTES AGO A MAN WAS MURDERED! THE WHOLE TOWN IS A HOT BED OF CRIME! HOW CAN I, AN UNKNOWN EXPECT TO COPE WITH THESE ORGANIZED POLITICIANS, AND GANGSTERS!

WELL, SO LONG, MR. MAYOR, WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO!

MAYBE WE'LL BE ABLE TO HELP IN SOME WAY!

NO ONE CAN HELP ME, IT'S TOO FANTASTIC!!

OUTSIDE, DUSTY LEADS HIS PAL INTO A HALLWAY.. THEY EMERGE AS THE BOY DETECTIVE AND SUPER-BOY..

WE'D BETTER GET INTO UNIFORM.. I SEE WORK AHEAD!

I'M WITH YOU, ROY, BUT WHAT'S COOKIN'?

I SWIPED THIS NOTE FROM THE MAYOR'S DESK!!

SOUNDS INTERESTING LET'S INVESTIGATE!

MEMORANDUM!
TO MAYOR BINGLE
FROM POLICE DEP
SLIMY PAGANO
NOTORIOUS BOOKIE
WAS FOUND DEAD
AT 24 ELM ST.
CLUES HAVE
NOT BEEN
DISCOVERED!

WELL, THIS IS THE HOUSE! BUT WE CAN'T GET IN THIS WAY, THE POLICE ARE HERE!!

LET'S TRY THE BACK!





THERE'S
THE
BODY!



TWO BOOKIES
KILLED, JUST AS
THEY GET SET
TO LEAVE TOWN!
THIS THING'S
CONNECTED
SOMEHOW!

HE'S DEAD
ENOUGH...
SHOT THROUGH
THE HEART!



HERE'S HIS
BOOK! MAYBE
IT'LL TELL US
SOMETHING!

IF THEY WERE
WELCHING ON A
GAMBLER'S DEST,
THE ANSWER'S
PRETTY OBVIOUS!

YOU GUESSED
IT, MY BOY!



WHO'S THAT?
JEEPER... IT'S...

"FLOWERS"
DIXON, THE
GAMBLER!

I SEE YOU
RECOGNIZE
ME! VERY
FLATTER-
ING!!

SHOULD WE
LET 'EM
HAVE IT,
BOSS?



NO, HOLD YOUR
LEAD! I WANT TO
TALK TO THESE
KIDS FIRST!!

RIGHT! O.K.
SOLDIERS...
MARCH!!

IT MIGHT
WORK...



ON A DESPERATE CHANCE, DUSTY SWINGS A
CUESTICK AT A BOX ON THE OVERHANGING SHELF.

HEY...
STOP 'EM!

LOOK
OUT!

SMASH



AND A HAIL OF BILLIARD BALLS
DESCENDS ON THE HELPLESS
CRIMINALS----

THIS WAY!
THE DOOR'S
OPEN!!



GET 'EM YOU FOOL---THEY KNOW ENOUGH TO FRY US!

PHEW! THAT ONE WAS PRETTY CLOSE!



THEY WON'T FIND US HERE! NOW LET'S SEE---HERE IT IS--DIXON, \$5,000 ON BINGLE AT TWENTY TO ONE!

HE'S DOWN HERE FOR \$6,000 AT THE SAME ODDS! NO WONDER THOSE BOYS TRIED TO SKIP TOWN!



BUT HOW COULD DIXON HAVE KNOWN THAT BINGLE WOULD BE ELECTED UNLESS---

UNLESS, HE FIXED THE ELECTION HIMSELF!



THE BOYS RETURN TO CITY HALL WITH THE NEWS----

MR. MAYOR, WE'VE GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU!

WE THINK YOUR ELECTION WAS FIXED BY GAMBLERS!

HUH? WHAT'S THAT?



BOYS, IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT, I'LL BE A FREE MAN AGAIN! WHAT CAN I DO?

HELP US CATCH A MURDERER!

I'LL DO ANYTHING--ANYTHING!

OKAY! THEN HERE'S OUR PLAN! NOW LISTEN CAREFULLY! ANY SLIP UPS AND OUR GOOSE IS COOKED!



SHORT WHILE LATER---

DON'T LOOK NOW BUT I THINK WE'VE BEEN SPOTTED!



THOUGHT YOU'D GET AWAY, HUH?

PULL 'EM IN AND STOP GABBING!



DIXON'S GANG IS BIG ENOUGH TO WORK IT! ONE MAN BRINGS IN THE FALSE FRONT IN THE MORNING AND ANOTHER MAN TAKES IT OUT AT NIGHT!



WHAT A SET-UP! SHHH--I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!



THE DOOR OPENS---

HEY, YOUSE--DE BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU!



ONCE MORE THE BOY BUDDIES GO INTO ACTION!

HEY! LOOK THERE!

HUH? WHAT WHERE?

GOOD WORK-- SEE YOU BELOW!



YOU HEARD HIM-- DOWN YOU GO!

COME BACK OR I'LL PLUG YA-- OOOOPS!

NO, YOU COME DOWN HERE!



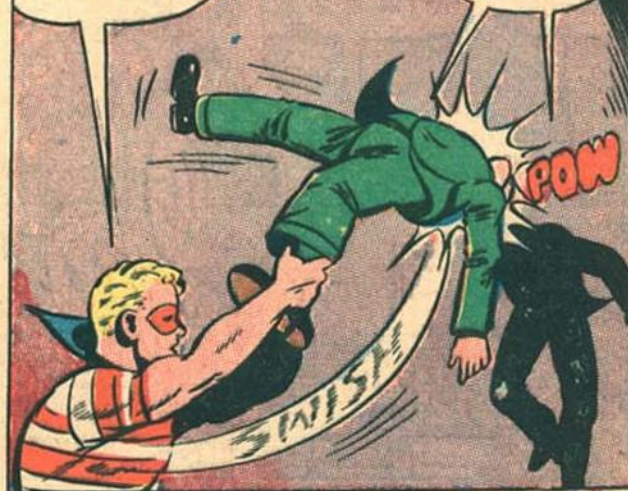
OUCH!

TSK--TSK-- YOU MUST BE IN A HURRY TO GET ME!

WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

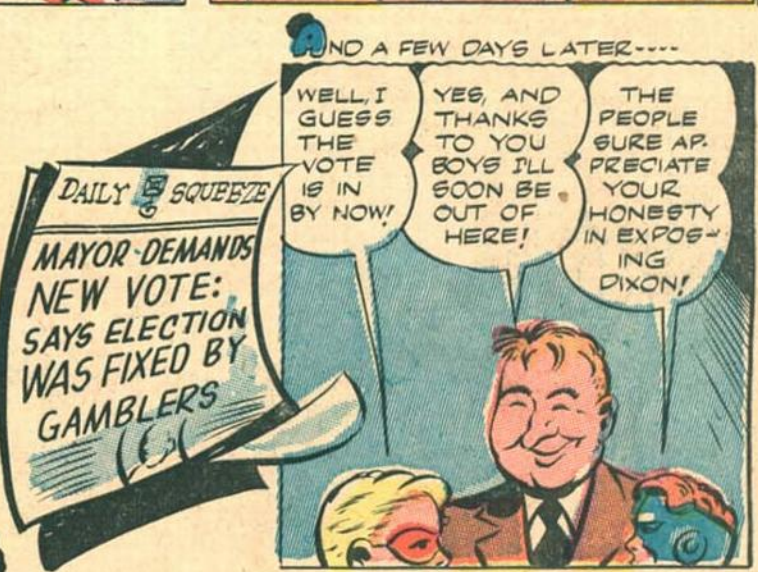
NEVER MIND WHAT'S GOING ON-- YOU'RE GOING OUT!

OOOK!

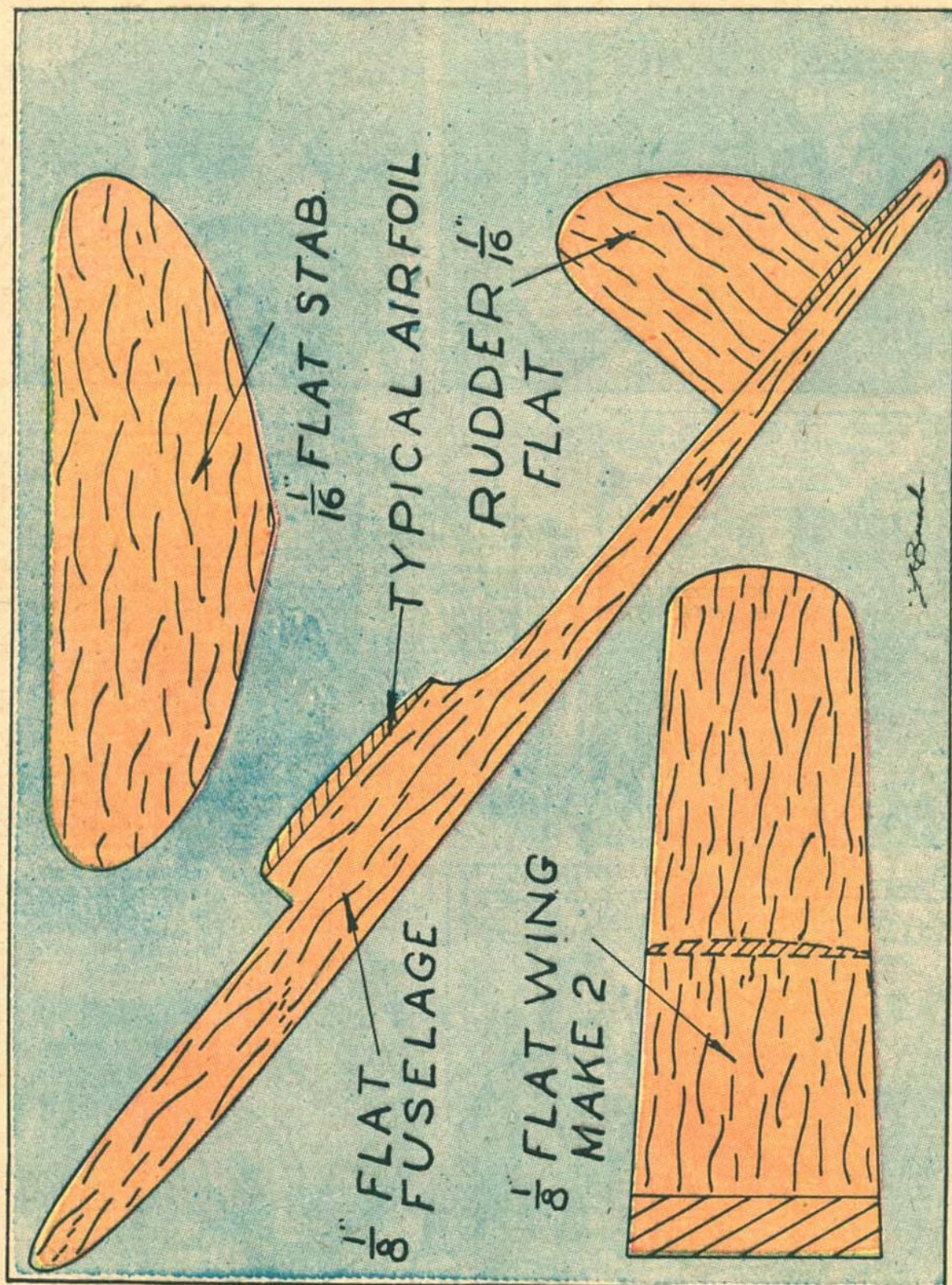


POW

SWISH



JUNIOR FLYING CORPS PAGE



FLEETWING

FLEETWING

THIS MONTH THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS IS OFFERED A CONTEST TYPE GLIDER. HOWEVER, IN ORDER TO SAVE VITAL BALSA WE HAVE LIMITED THE SIZE OF THIS GLIDER TO CLASS "A". IN SPITE OF THIS LIMITED AREA, THIS GLIDER TURNS OUT BEAUTIFUL FLIGHTS WHEN PROPERLY ADJUSTED.

SOFT $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA CUT TO THE SHAPE SHOWN ON THE PLANS RENDERS US A WING PANEL. SAND THIS PANEL TO AN ACCURATE RIB SECTION (SHOWN ON THE PLANS). THE ADJACENT WING PANEL IS NOT SHOWN, BUT IT CAN BE MADE BY TRACING AROUND THE FIRST PANEL. BE SURE TO SAND THE AIRFOIL ON THE "TOP" SO THAT IT COINCIDES WITH THE FIRST PANEL. COAT THE BOTH ENDS WITH CEMENT AND ALLOW TO DRY. FOUR ADDITIONAL COATS OF CEMENT ARE APPLIED WITH A BRUSH. SILK IS THEN GLUED OVER THE JOINT, INSURING STRENGTH. BRUSHING THE CEMENT ON, FORMS A NEAT, SMOOTH SKIN. EACH COAT SHOULD EXTEND $\frac{1}{8}$ " OVER EACH PANEL AND SHOULD BE PERMITTED TO DRY BEFORE THE NEXT IS APPLIED. FOR A SLICK FINISH, APPLY FOUR COATS OF CLEAR DOPE, SANDING AFTER EACH IS DRY WITH WET OR DRY SANDPAPER.

WARP IN A SLIGHT WASH. IN ON THE RIGHT WING INCREASE THE ANGLE OF ATTACK NEAR THE TIP AND SLIGHT WASH OUT ON THE LEFT WING. THE RIGHT WING IS SEEN IN LOOKING FORWARD TOWARD THE NOSE OF THE SHIP FROM THE REAR.

CUT THE FUSELAGE FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA (VERY HARD). THE SHAPE OF THE FUSELAGE AS SHOWN ON THE PLANS SHOULD BE DUPLICATED ON THE BALSA. A "V" CUT IS PUT INTO THE TOP OF THE BODY TO HOLD THE WING. SAND THE FUSELAGE WELL AND REPEAT THE FINISHING PROCEDURE USED ON THE WING.

THE STABILIZER AND THE RUDDER ARE CUT FROM $\frac{1}{8}$ " FLAT BALSA AND FINISHED IN THE USUAL MANNER.

CEMENT WING AND STABILIZER TO THE FUSELAGE. CEMENT ON RUDDER. CHECK ALIGNMENT. WARP RIGHT TURN IN THE RUDDER. APPLY SEVERAL COATS OF GLUE OVER THE WING-FUSELAGE JOINT.

THE GLIDER IS THROWN INTO A SLIGHT RIGHT BANK AND ALMOST STRAIGHT UP. THE GLIDE IS ALSO TO THE RIGHT. PULL OUT IS AUTOMATIC. IN TESTING THE GLIDE, START SLOWLY, GRADUALLY INCREASING THE SPEED OF THE THROW.

GET TOGETHER WITH OTHER MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR FLYING CORPS AND ARRANGE CONTESTS. THE GREATEST TIME ALOFT WINS THE CONTEST. FLY YOUR GLIDER AND WIN.

DROP US A LINE AND LET US KNOW HOW YOU'RE MAKING OUT. THIS IS THE FIRST CONTEST OF ITS KIND - AND YOU'RE IN FOR LOADS OF FUN!

GOOD LUCK!

JUNIOR FLYING CORPS MEMBERSHIP LIST!

HERE'S HOW TO JOIN:

WRITE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AND AGE ON A PENNY POSTCARD OR LETTER, AND MAIL IT TO **JUNIOR FLYING CORPS**, 60 HUDSON ST. ROOM 315, NEW YORK CITY---THEN WATCH **HANGMAN COMICS**, FOR YOUR NAME ON THE MEMBERSHIP LIST...

CHARLES ALLEN BAITY-707 S. 23 ST. FORT SMITH, ARK.
JACQUELINE BRADY-BOX 576, HUDSON, N.Y.
PEGGY LOE BOENKE-SUNSET, S.C.
ORVILLE CADWELL-CANISTOTA, S.D.
HAROLD CLARDY-BOX 191, 10 ANDERSON ST. PEIDMONT, S.C.
JACKIE CLINTON-642 ADELINE ST. TRENTON, N.J.
FRIEDA CORBETT-BOX 47, STAUNTON, VA.
EDWARD CORNELL-PONCA, NEBRASKA
RICHARD CURRAN-214 31st ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.
BOBBY DALTON-NO. MAPLE ST. MARION, KENTUCKY
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GORDON DICKSON JR.-940 NO. SECOND ST. CAMDEN, NJ
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I. LESHKOWITZ-704 E. 5th ST. N.Y. N.Y.
MASON LEVY JR.-218 E. 102 ST. N.Y. N.Y.
HAROLD B. LIND JR.-5126 N. OCONTO AVE. CHICAGO
JUNE ELAINE MANDIGO-DE PEYSTER N.Y.
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RICHARD J. McGEE-163 MITCHELL ST. RANTOUL, ILL.
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BOBBY PIKE-14519 NOVARA, DETROIT, MICH.
BRUCE RAINBOTH-SILVER LAKE, WASHINGTON
WILLIAM R. RAWSTRON-243 WARREN ST. NEEDHAM, MASS.
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GEORGE SACHE-4553 BLEIGH AVE. MAYFAIR, PA.
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BILLY SPRAY-ALLERTON, ILL.
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JOHN TODORA-2680 CONGRESS RD. CAMDEN, N.J.
MARIE L.J. VEVON-26 SO. HILLSIDE AVE. ELMSFORD, NY
EDWARD WAIMIELOWICZ-1611 OVERING ST. BRONX.
FRED JR. WALKER-105 ELM ST. GASTONIA, N.C.
JOSEPH WASHINGTON-88 SUN RISE HWAY, FREEPORT, NY
VIOLET WESCOTT-GREAT BEND, PENN.
THOMAS R. ZIEMEK-5112 NO. OCONTO AVE. CHI. ILL.

ROY and DUSTY in

BOY BUDDIES

DUSTY'S LATE..
HE SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HERE FIVE
MINUTES AGO!

THE STREET
CORNER
RENDEZVOUS IS A
GREAT AMERICAN
HABIT,
AND AN OPEN
SESAME TO TROUBLE!
BUT THE KIND OF
TROUBLE THAT
BEFALLS ROY, AS
HE AWAITS A
MEETING WITH
DUSTY,
SPELLS MORE
TROUBLE FOR THE
TROUBLEMAKERS
WHO LEARN THAT
PUSHING THE
BOY BUDDIES
AROUND IS A
GILT-EDGED
INVITATION
TO DISASTER!

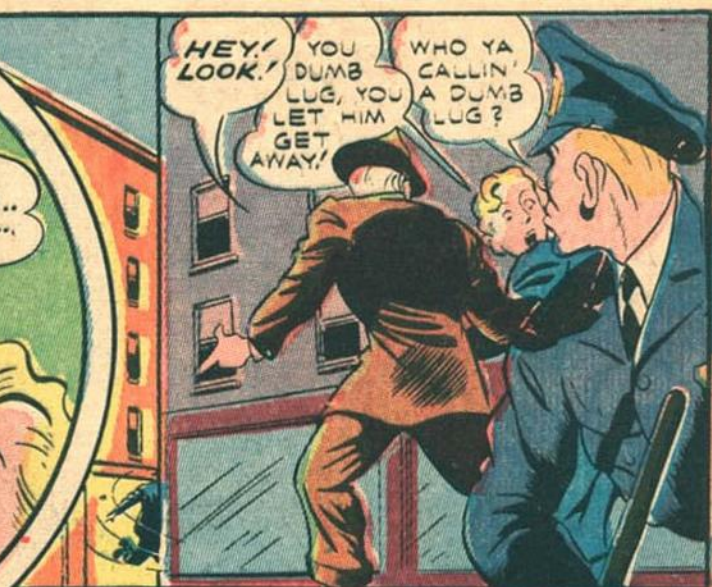
HARRISON

THEN...

HEY, YOU
C'MERE!

WHO?
ME?











FREE

with your order...



Foot stirrups, important for foot and leg development. FREE with order. Permits intensive overhead workouts to develop a mighty torso.

Now GET BURSTING STRENGTH fast!

Build your body into a virile, dynamic machine of tiger strength. No room these days for weaklings. You must be STRONG to get ahead... get Herculean strength easily at home in spare time with this newly invented chest pull and bar bell combination.

Get Bursting Strength Quickly

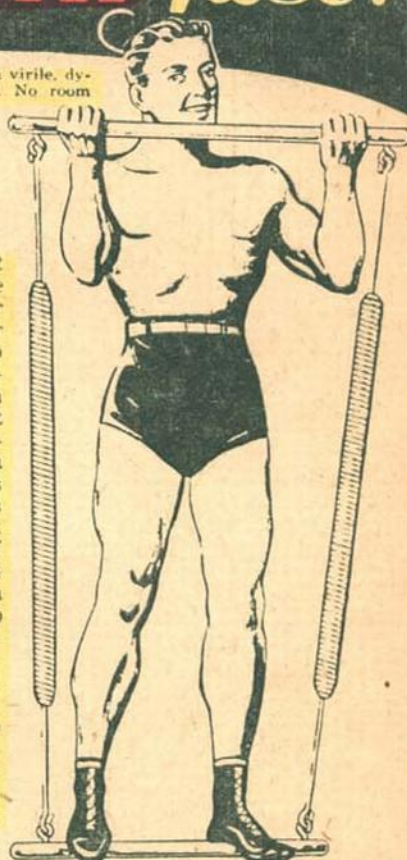
If you are a weakling or boast of super muscles, you will find this outfit just what you need. Contains dozens of individual features, all adjustable in tension, resistance, and strength. This permits you to regulate your workouts to meet actual resistance of your strength and to increase power progressively as you build mighty muscles. Men who have reached the top in strong-man feats acclaim this progressive chest pull and bar bell combination. It contains a new kind of progressive chest pull. Not rubber which wears out but strong tension springs. These springs are adjustable so that you may use low strength until you get stronger and terrific pulling resistance when you are muscular. Included is a specially invented bar bell hook-up. This bar bell outfit permits you to do all kinds of bar bell workouts... to practice weight lifting and bring into play muscles of your legs, chest, arms so you build

Don't be bunked! Don't let anyone tell you that you can put inches on or build any part of your body by fanning the air.



We not only furnish you with equipment, we also supply specially prepared pictorial charts which guide you day by day.

as you train. There is a wall exerciser hook-up enabling you to do bending and stretching exercises. You also have features of a rowing machine. Hand grips help develop a mighty grip. Pictorial and printed instructions enable you to get stronger day by day.



GUARANTEE

If not satisfied after 5 days, return for refund of purchase price.

Send No Money

Sign your name to coupon checking outfit wanted.

Pay postman price plus postage on arrival. If you can buy a stronger outfit than our Super X set we will give you double your money back.

You get many specially posed pictorial instructions... a picture method showing short cuts to mighty muscles.

New PROGRESSIVE CHEST PULL & BAR BELL COMBINATION

MUSCLE POWER CO., Dept. 6710
P. O. Box 1, Station X, New York, 54, N. Y.

Send me the outfit checked below on five days' approval. Also enclose special pictorial and printed instructions. I will deposit amount of set plus postage in accordance with your guarantee. Enclose the stirrups free with my order.

☐ Send regular strength chest pull and bar bell combination. Set \$5.95

☐ Send Super strength set at \$6.95

(Send cash with order and we pay postage. Same guarantee.)

Name

Address

(SPECIAL) If you are aboard ship or outside of U.S.A. send money order in American funds at prices listed above plus 60c.

Muscle Power Co.
P. O. Box 1,
Station X, New York 54, N. Y.

REMOVE UGLY BLACKHEADS

OR NO COST

I'D MARRY JIM IF
IT WASN'T FOR THOSE
FILTHY BLACKHEADS
OF HIS

I'LL ASK BOB
TO TALK TO
HIM RIGHT
AWAY

WHY DON'T YOU TRY
VACUTEX FOR THOSE
BLACKHEADS JIM? IT
CERTAINLY HELPED ME

THANKS BOB.
IT SOUNDS
WORTH
TRYING

JIM DARLING,
HOW NICE AND
CLEAN YOU
LOOK!

YOU CAN THANK
VACUTEX
FOR THAT,
HONEY!



AMAZING NEW SCIENTIFIC METHOD

If you have blackheads, you know how embarrassing they are, how they clog your pores, mar your appearance and invite criticism. Now you can solve the problem of eliminating blackheads, forever, with this amazing new VACUTEX Inventon. It extracts filthy blackheads in seconds, painlessly, without injuring or squeezing the skin. VACUTEX creates a gentle vacuum around blackhead! Cleans out hard-to-reach places in a jiffy. Germ laden fingers never touch the skin. Simply place the direction finder over blackhead, draw back extractor . . . and it's out! Release extractor and blackhead is ejected. VACUTEX does it all! Don't risk infection with old-fashioned methods. Order TODAY!

ACTUAL
LENGTH
3 1/4"

**ONLY
THREE
EASY
STEPS**

**UGLY
BLACKHEADS**

**USE
VACUTEX**



**THEY'RE
OUT!**

**RUSH
COUPON**

**Send No
MONEY**

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Don't wait until embarrassing criticism makes you act. Don't risk losing out on popularity and success because of ugly dirt-clogged pores. ACT NOW! Enjoy the thrill of having a clean skin, free of pore-clogging, embarrassing blackheads. Try Vacutex for 10 days. We guarantee it to do all we claim. If you are not completely satisfied your \$1.00 will be immediately refunded.

BALLCO PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 8509
516 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

- ☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postman \$1.00 plus postage My \$1.00 will be refunded if I am not delighted.
☐ I prefer to enclose \$1.00 now and save postage. (Same guarantee as above.)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You **FAME**

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me Prove I Can Make You a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs.! I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. If you can simply raise your arm and flex it I can add SOLID MUSCLE to your biceps—yes, on each arm—in double-quick time! Only 15 minutes a day—right in your own home—is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost if I fail.

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands" or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, peevish? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details

about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HB-MAN.

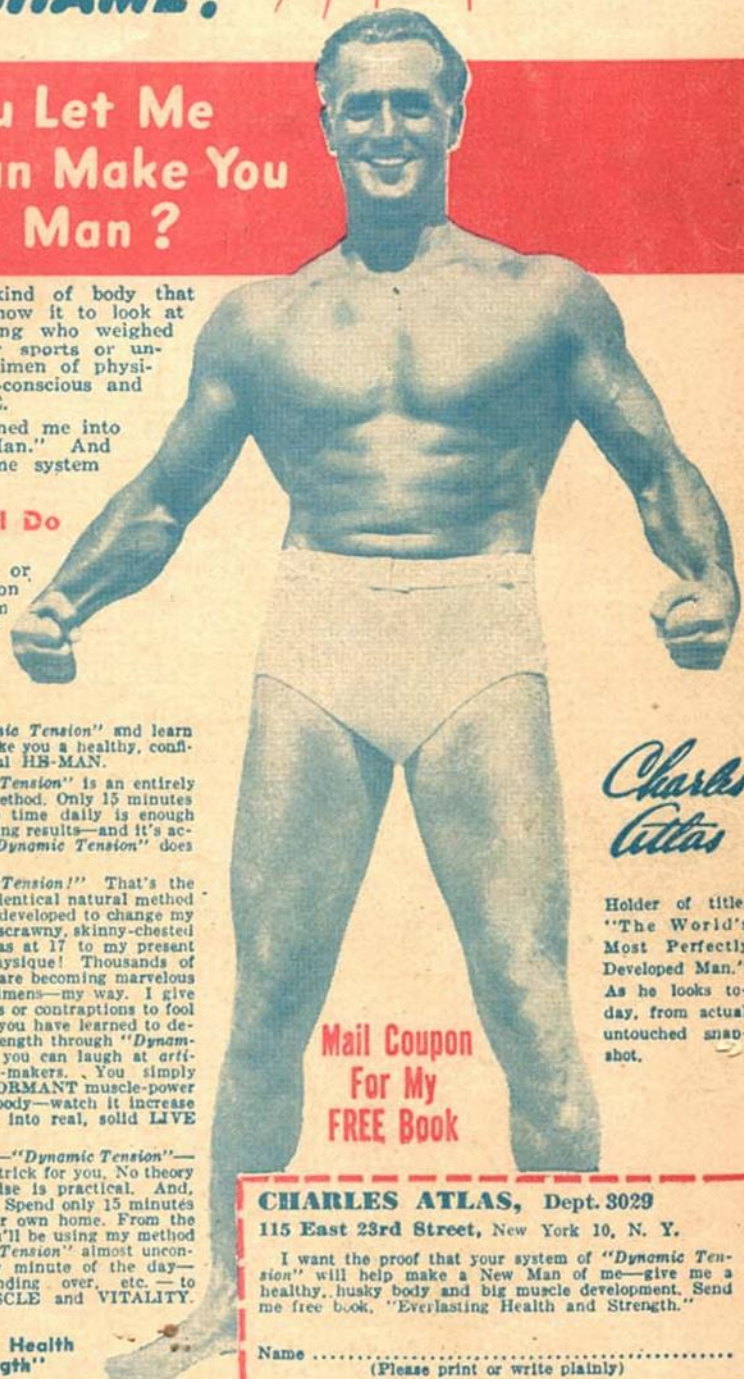
"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension!" That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique! Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you no gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension," you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle-power in your own body—watch it increase and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the trick for you. No theory—every exercise is practical. And, man, so easy! Spend only 15 minutes a day in your own home. From the very start you'll be using my method of "Dynamic Tension," almost unconsciously every minute of the day—walking, bending over, etc.—to BUILD MUSCLE and VITALITY.

FREE BOOK "Everlasting Health and Strength"

In it I talk to you in straight-from-the-shoulder language. Packed with inspirational pictures of myself and pupils—fellows who became NEW MEN in strength, my way. Let me show you what I helped THEM do. See what I can do for YOU! For a real thrill, send for this book today. AT ONCE, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 3029 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



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"The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Man."
As he looks to-
day, from actual
untouched snap-
shot.

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For My
FREE Book

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I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscle development. Send me free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

